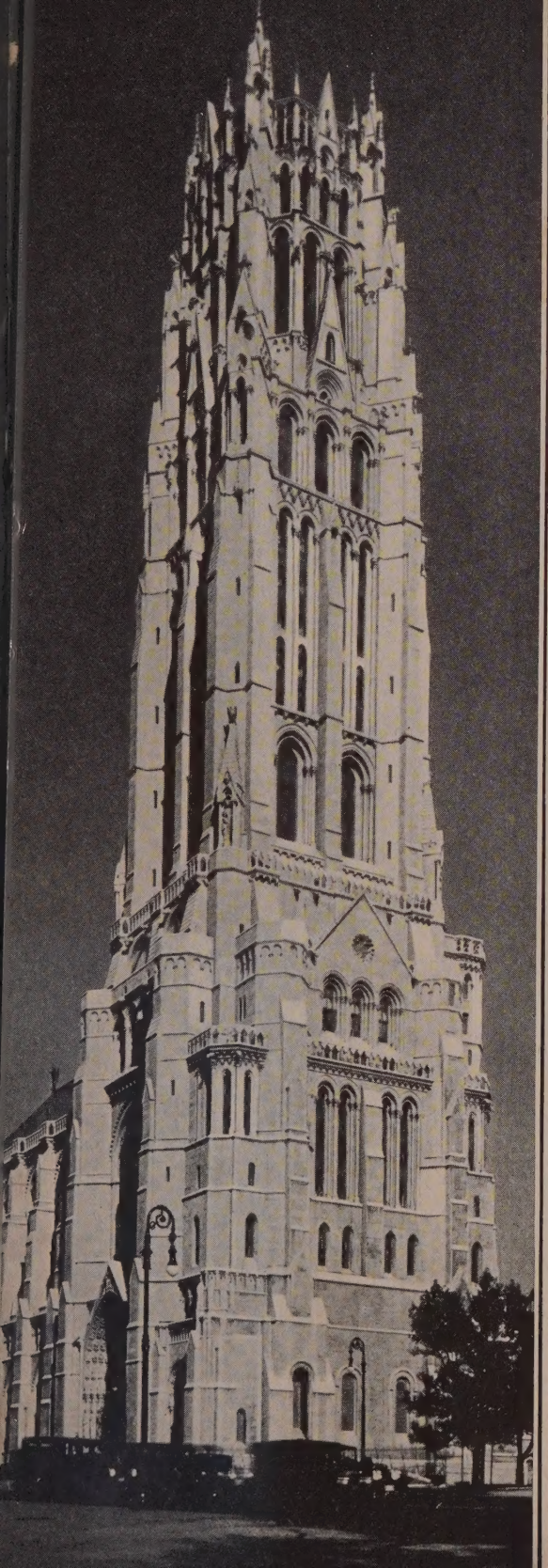

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The Church Monthly

AUGUST, 1935

Basic Conditions of Spiritual Well-Being

The Carillon of Mons

The Latchstring

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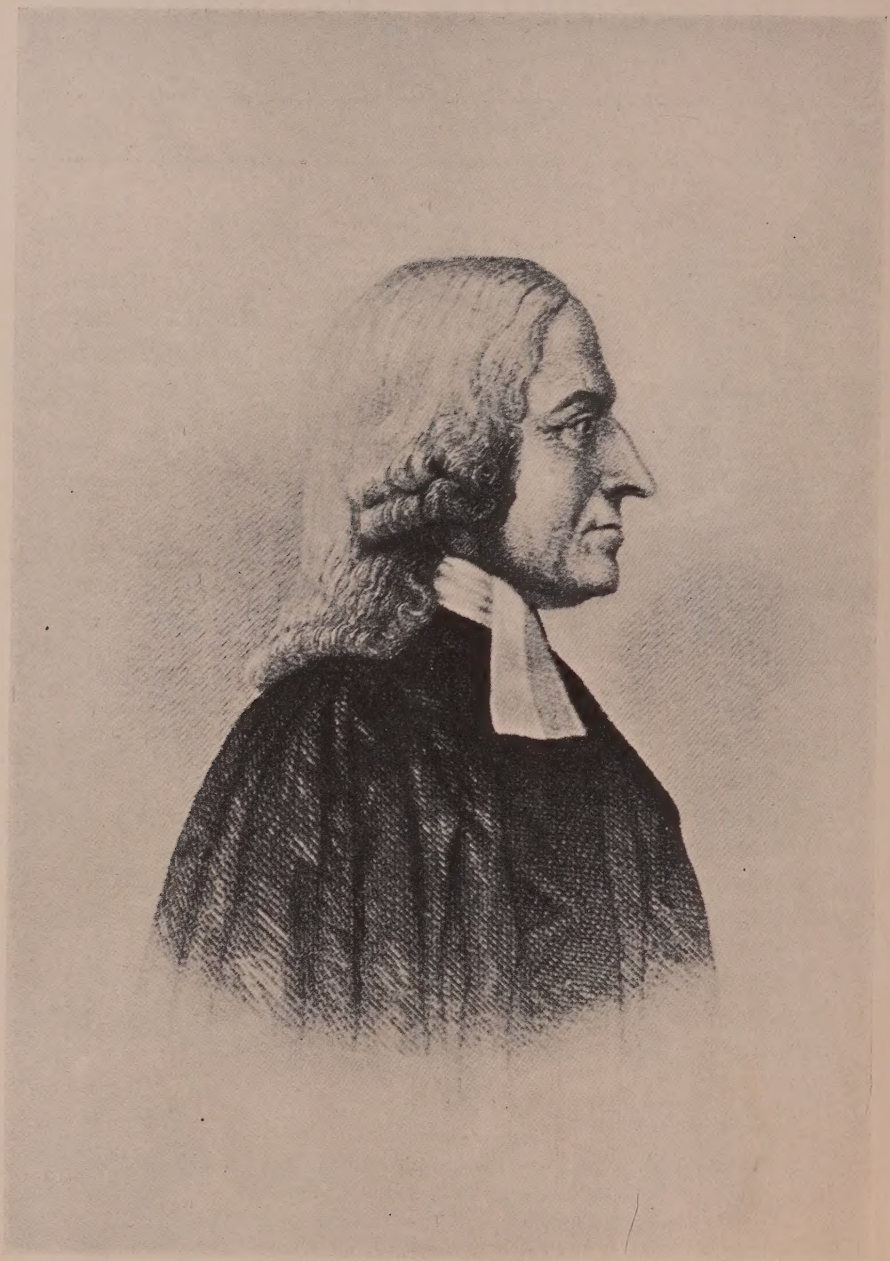

JOHN WESLEY

Basic Conditions of Spiritual Well-Being

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

IMAGINE yourself visiting America for the first time; what would impress you as the dominant characteristic of our living? Would it not be a certain headlong precipitancy? We hurl ourselves after the things we want. In the language of the day, we are temperamentally go-getters. That impression certainly we make on others—a restless anxious precipitancy of pursuit in seeking anything we want. Into the midst of this headlong life of ours let us today interject one of the most familiar sayings of the Master: "Which of you by being anxious can add a cubit unto the measure of his life? If then ye are not able to do even that which is least, why are ye anxious concerning the rest? Consider the lilies, how they grow."

How far away from New York City that seems! How alien to our common speech it is! Nevertheless, which of us by being anxious *can* add a cubit unto the measure of his life?

Probably the Master was referring here not to heightening the stature but to prolonging the life, and that is not impossible. If we start early enough, if we fulfil prior and remote conditions, we can prolong the span of life; only, no one ever yet has succeeded in doing that by being anxious, by directly plunging after it and pouncing on it. So vital an achievement must be gotten at by another method altogether. One must approach it indirectly; one must fulfil the prior and remote conditions of health. And, says Jesus, if you would learn the secret of that kind of vital process out of which come far and away the most important and desirable attributes of living, you might well consider the lilies, how they grow.

To be sure, being a lily is no natural expression of our ambition. Very few of us have ever acutely longed to be a flower, and especially in times like these when personal problems are so difficult, social situations so dangerous, the demand for immediate and direct action so clamorous, such a figure of speech seems singularly inept and feeble. We who have been in Palestine, however, know that the flowers are still the loveliest things there. They have outlasted the centuries, have watched armies come and go, have seen the rise and fall of empires, and they are still the fairest sight in Palestine. They grow wild, rampant, glorious over the hills of Galilee, and two months from now the heights where Jesus walked will be bespangled with them like stars in heaven on a clear night. When Jesus, therefore, talked about those flowers he meant something real. Flowers do not achieve beauty by direct, aggressive, go-getting methods. Beauty always comes by indirection. Flowers busy themselves absorbing vitality. They welcome the sun, drink in the rain, seek rootage in the earth, and then afterwards, as a by-product and consequence of that, there comes a loveliness which

never can be achieved by precipitate pursuit.

Surely, a lesson is there which we moderns need. For our lives do fall into two parts: first, the things we can get by direct attack—when we want them we pounce on them like a lion on his prey—but second, the ends which must be gained by indirection. Some things we achieve as we catch a railroad train, by running after them, but some things are not like that—they come of themselves when their conditions are fulfilled. When one carefully considers it, the most desirable attributes of living lie in that second group. Culture, for example, the inner richness of an affluent mind and spirit, cannot be secured by methods of direct aggressiveness. Which of you by being anxious can add one cubit to the measure of his culture? Culture, indeed, we never get; it comes. It is an aftermath, a by-product, an unconscious consequence of fine conditions beautifully fulfilled. Culture is like the light on Moses' brow when coming down from communion with the Eternal, "he wist not . . . that his face shone."

Obviously, then, we are dealing here with something deeply important, but whether or not it will seem important to us depends on what primarily we want of life. If mainly or merely we want external things, then we will value direct methods most. By direct precipitancy of attack we can get external things. But if, spiritually mature, we recognize that the framework of life is nothing if we have no life to put within it, then we will go deeper and seek another technique. A man might conceivably get a house by merely aggressive methods but no man ever secured a home that way. A house is a thing which we can get; a home is a spiritual consequence which comes when the conditions are fulfilled. Consider the lilies, how they grow!

In all this we are dealing with one of the profoundest truths about religion, for the central meaning and effect of religion lie in this second realm. What is the good of religion? says the go-getter. As one sees what it is he wants and how satisfactory to his objectives are his direct methods of attack, one throws up one's hands in despair of rendering him an understandable answer. It is as though in another realm he should say, What is the use of knowing Shakespeare, of loving Bach and Beethoven, of apprehending what the great artists have tried to say? of what utility is it to enter into the heritage of the world's beauty, although, like the flowers of Palestine, it has outworn the strife of centuries and seen man's powerful empires rise and fall? When one faces the utilitarian mind of a go-getter, saying, What is the use of experiences like this? one despairs of answering. For one would have to say that such experiences fructify the soil of the spirit so that gradually it becomes rich and then afterwards lovely things can grow which would else have been impossible. One has to say that such experiences shine on the life like the sun and change the climate so that by and by fair consequences come which otherwise would have been unthinkable. Such, too, is the way of great religion. You cannot commonly put your finger on the immediate utility it serves. All great religion stands, forever saying, with Jesus, "Consider the lilies, how they grow!"

For one thing, we do inevitably tend to grow in the direction of our central faiths about life. To believe that at the heart of reality is Eternal Spirit—to believe, that is, in the living God—

when such faith is real and vital, does inevitably have a fructifying consequence. In this regard a man's soul is like the river Nile. I have seen it in November at the flood and across its moonlit inundation have sailed amid the palm tree islands to the very foot of the pyramids. How came this inundation at Cairo? Thousands of miles away it had been raining among the mountains of the interior. So a man's soul is continental in range and what happens at Cairo depends on what has happened among the heights. You cannot effect this inundation at Cairo by direct methods. It all depends upon what happens among the mountains. So, at long last, from great faiths abundant life flows into souls.

Very familiar in the confessional conference is the man who comes with a particular practical problem in the foreground of his attention—What to do about this problem?—while the skilled worker with souls knows that before tackling that problem he must first trace that man's situation back, often far back, to the heights of the interior and his central faiths about life. Sometimes one can find no God there—no, nor anything like God. The universe aimless, life accidental, unpurposed, meaningless, man himself a "disease of the agglutinated dust"—such ideas among the heights, with no rain falling out of them to flood the streams of living, result in this practical problem of barrenness far down river at Cairo. That man's deep need cannot be gotten at by tinkering with the immediate problem; one must go far back among the mountains.

Of what good is religion? One readily understands a go-getter asking that. To be sure, there have been types of religion which promised men that in answer to prayer God would pour money into their pockets; even a go-getter might appreciate that sort of faith. Such credulity, however, drips away from an intelligent man, and if he is persuaded that life consists in the abundance of the things which we possess, one easily can understand his saying, I will blow on my hands and get what I desire. But if a man has come to see that verily he is a *soul*, that he cannot live by bread alone, that as he thinketh in his heart so is he, he must see that inwardly, gradually, inevitably he is fastened by his central faiths.

This is February. We are in the heart of winter, but spring will come again and May be here. The trees will break once more into leaf and the very dust ascend into fragrance and color. How, then, will this amazing miracle be wrought? It is very strange. One has to go millions of miles away to find the explanation. It is all done by indirection. The whole planet will turn in the heavens until the sun's rays fall more straightly upon us. The secret of the flowers is over ninety million miles away. The universe is no go-getter. It does not plunge after flowers. It starts far off, fulfils the conditions of their creation, and then flowers come of themselves. So is a great and vital religion. If we are merely utilitarians, we can easily neglect it, but if in the midst of a difficult generation we are trying to keep our souls, how can we live without it? Consider the lilies, how they grow!

For another thing, we inevitably tend to become like the central objects of our worship. Show me, as another has said, the man whom you admire and I will show you the manner of man you inevitably tend to be.

In one of our modern novels a char-

acter says that if she were only a man she would take life by the throat and choke something big out of it. That is the method of direct attack on life—take it by the throat and choke something out of it—but at our best we know that the finest attributes of living are not so secured. They always come by indirection; they spring from something beyond themselves that we adore.

Here in this country we desperately need to learn this lesson. We need to learn it in our education. Some of us are still profoundly grateful for many elements in the older education in which we were trained. It was not utilitarian. It was not intended to make us more successful money-getters. Its objectives were not immediate. It was not in the ordinary sense of the word practical. It led us through the green pastures and beside the still waters of the great masterpieces of man's literature. Under those older teachers some of us learned to love the loveliest things that ever have been said or written in man's heritage. I do not mean that we either can or should recover the technique or philosophy of that older education but in these modern days beware how we make our education too utilitarian, too practical, too immediate in its objectives! Beware how we make these children think that they can choke out of life the finest things, when the finest things always come indirectly from our admirations, our reverences, our appreciations, our worship!

When a man talks to modern people about worship he finds a strange diversity of response. Of course the go-getters can see nothing in it, but why should they? There are some, however, —I leave you to judge which is the more intelligent and high-spirited type—who give another answer. When Professor Hocking of Harvard sums up the healing, restoring, integrating influences of life, he says, "Worship is the whole which includes them all." When Professor Wieman, of the department of philosophy of the University of Chicago, talks about worship, he says "There is no other form of human endeavor by which so much can be accomplished." Such men are not traditionalists but men of open minds and free spirits, yet they have learned long since, as one of the profoundest truths about spiritual life, that we never secure the finest things by pouncing on them but always get them indirectly from something we adore.

When all day we have been dealing with the close-ups of life's details, until we are irritated by them and the meaning is drained away from them, nothing helps so much as to turn from them to the organizing center of one's life, from the many to the One, until perspective is regained and meaning comes back again. And that is worship.

When all day we have been analyzing life, practising upon it a critical discrimination which breaks wholes into parts and parts into atoms, as a botanist might take a flower to pieces, until our very lives are disintegrated, nothing helps so much as to change our inner attitude from analysis to synthesis, from criticism to appreciation, until the One suffuses the many and life is drawn together and meaning returns. And that is worship.

When all day we have been controlling things, saying Come! and Go! to forces beneath us which we can command, until we have fairly lost sight of the spiritual aims for which we should be controlling them, nothing makes so much difference as to stop controlling

things beneath us and begin worshiping the One above us by Whom we ought to be controlled. And that is worship.

What does worship do for you? the go-getter says. Friend, it is extraordinarily difficult to answer that so that you could understand. For what worship does is often not particular and immediate; you cannot put your finger on it. It is like having rainfall among the heights of the interior. It is like a change of climate. It is like beginning to understand the earth because at last we have looked away from it and have known the sun. That is to say, in its final effect it is one of the most tremendous influences in the spiritual life. Consider the lilies, how they grow!

One wonders how some of us will roll off this truth from our lives and escape its impact on our consciences. Some, perhaps, will say that in a turbulent time like this, when problems, personal and social, are tragically clamorous, this kind of truth is too poetic to be heeded. The preacher, they think, speaks from a secluded realm and does not know the difficult and sometimes sordid circumstances which are faced in the thick of the world's fight. What difference does it make, they cry, how the lilies grow?

Upon the contrary, is it not precisely in times like this that most we need those backgrounds of faith and devotional practise out of which, as an inevitable consequence, beyond our power especially to will them, come moral steadiness and strength? And far from being a soft, esthetic matter, it is in every realm the measure of intelligence that when a man wants something over *here* he knows enough to go away over *there* and fulfil the remote conditions for securing it.

Fritz Kreisler is still playing glorious music, but do you remember what he said about his experience in the trenches during the Great War? "It is extraordinary," wrote Kreisler, "how quickly suggestions of luxury, culture, refinement, in fact all the gentler aspects of life, which one had considered to be an integral part of one's life are forgotten, and, more than that, not even missed. Centuries drop from one, and one becomes a primeval man, nearing the cave-dweller in an incredibly short time." So even Fritz Kreisler found situations in this world where the centuries drop from one and spiritual culture is easily forgotten and one is terribly tempted to be a primitive cave-dweller. What is it carries a man through such situations and brings him out upon the other side to be Fritz Kreisler still? Not this or that detail of deliberate choice, in all likelihood, but something far more general, more remote, more profound—a long accumulated deposit of character from great faiths held about life, great devotions to life and fine imaginations of life hung upon the walls of the soul. If ever in history men and women needed that background of character, is it not today? There are trenches in peace time.

Think of some lovely personality we have known, reminding us, as another put it, that small souls help the world by what they do but great souls by what they are. Can you imagine achieving a character like that by pouncing on it? In any man such character is an aftermath, a by-product, an unconscious consequence. It is the gradual deposit of the home he came from and the friends he has loved, of the books with which he has fed his spirit and the imaginations hung on the walls of his

(*Continued on page 203*)

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Eternal God, our Father, high above all yet in all, far beyond our power to comprehend and yet known to us in goodness, truth, and beauty, help us worthily to worship Thee. Mysterious Thou art to us; far beyond our comprehension the boundaries of Thy greatness run. Thy sea is great and our ships are small. We stand upon the shore and lose our thoughts of Thee over the rim of the world. Yet, as one takes from the sea a drop and, understanding that, knows something of the whole ocean, so would we lift up some beauty, truth, or goodness from our lives this day and learn of Thee.

We would come into Thy presence with no anxious petitions, as though Thou didst stand aloof. It is not Thine unwillingness but ours which keeps us from being spiritually rich. Thou dost not stand apart, unwilling to bestow good upon us, so that we need to beseech Thee with anxious entreaties. We pray Thee, rather, for the taking hand and the open heart, for the unclosed door and the unshuttered window, that Thou, Who art willing to come, may have the opportunity to bestow upon us the spiritual blessings which will make us rich.

We need peace and Thou art full of it. Thou dost see the end from the beginning and round all the disorders of the earth Thy comprehension runs. We would receive from Thee the peace that passeth understanding, which the world cannot give and cannot take away.

We need love and Thou art rich with it. Thou *art* love and they that abide in love abide in Thee and Thou abidest in them. God of mercy and goodwill, flood us with Thy love this day; cleanse us of the resentfulness, vindictiveness, and unbrotherliness which infest our lives. Make us kind; fill us with gentleness; give us a spirit of understanding tolerance for all sorts and conditions of men; take meanness from us; fill us with Thyself.

We need power and Thou art wealthy with it. The eternal treasuries of Thy strength are at our disposal that we may be strengthened with might by Thy Spirit in the inner man. Open us to the influx of Thy power, we pray Thee, for enemies rise up within us, and temptations which we are not strong enough to overcome vex us and we are undone if Thou comest not to our aid like an army with banners.

As thus we pray for ourselves, we remember the multitudes of Thy children who around the world lift up their hearts to Thee. Far beyond the borders of our Christian churches we think of them sincerely praying. All souls are Thine. All sincere worshipers are one spiritual brotherhood humbly seeking Thy benediction. Wherever Thou dost find a contrite soul, by whatever name he calls his faith, who today in genuineness opens his life to Thine incoming, O Lord of mercy and of light, come through him to the human race. Make us not simply recipients but channels. Flow, not simply into us, but through us. The world needs goodwill; flow through us with Thy goodwill. The world needs indignation against all

(*Continued on page 203*)

The Carillon of Mons

By Kamiel Lefévere

(The Twelfth in a Series of Articles on "Singing Towers")

At Mons there is a belfry tall,
That chimes from noon to noon;
At every quarter of the hour,
It scatters forth a lovely shower
Of little notes that from the tower
All flutter down in tune. . . .

Wilfrid Thorley.

From the midst of endless and gloomy coal-mining fields, somber places of hard, inhuman labor and unutterable strife for existence, with its clouds of dust and smoke, its pulsing life of shrill whistles, dirty trainloads and ghost-like moving workmen, rises the cheerful and pleasing city of Mons, capital of the province of Hainaut, in Belgium. Built on a hill, and overlooking the black and smoky surroundings, it offers a complete contrast, with its neat appearance, its historical treasures, admirable buildings of the XVth century, its characteristic old façades and rose-tiled roofs.

Historians claim that Julius Caesar first built a fort on top of this hill, from which the city derives its name, *hill* meaning *Monts* in French, and *Bergen* in Flemish. Around the year 650, a hermitage was founded on this hill by Waltrudis, daughter of the Count Walbert de Hainaut, and the number of people that came to live around it grew rapidly because of the protection that the fortress afforded them.

In 1436 Mons became the possession of the House of Burgundy and reached its height of prosperity under Charles V through its serge and cloth industry. Weavers and dyers came from France, Germany, and Italy, to stay and prosper. In later political and religious strifes and wars Mons was captured and recaptured many times, principally in 1572 by Louis of Orange, in 1691 by Louis XIV, in 1709 by Marlborough, and in 1792 and 1794 by Dumouriez. It was again invaded by the German armies in August, 1914, happily without damage to the city.

The Belfry or Singing Tower, built on the most dominant part of the hill, in the very center of the city, overlooks the whole community and surrounding area, standing guard as a true and loyal watchman of time and melody. Started in 1661 and completed in 1674, its architecture represents a very pleasing example of the Baroque style, which came directly after the dainty and delicate style of the Renaissance. This new style of architecture, with its bombast and profusion, too often overloaded with sumptuous decoration, spread quite rapidly through the Netherlands under the Spanish domination, largely due to Jesuit influences. Two Mons architects, Ledoux and Anthoni, were commissioned to build this tower two months after the old tower collapsed completely in 1661. It has a total height of 276 feet although it gives the impression of being much taller because of its commanding situation.

The Belfry, erect in bluish stone, is supported and built on a heavy foundation of antique stone. The three lower stories, reaching up to the square of the Castelany, have beautiful large and

THE CARILLON OF MONS

varied-arched windows. Eight Doric pilasters adorn the four corners of the first story, eight Ionic columns those of the second story, and the third floor shows the enrollment of reversed consoles on pedestals, connecting the balustrades of highly carved stonework, and thus showing the three great orders of classic architecture. The fleche, in ovoid form, surmounted with an octagonal lantern and with a large bell-turret on each of the four corners in the form of bulbs, crowns the tower. From the open lantern and also from the open gallery, surrounding the bell chamber, one beholds a most interesting view of the picturesque and colorful city and its contrasting surroundings of dirty blue and smoky gray coalfields.

The carillon consists of 47 bells. The Bourdon, or largest bell, dates from 1774 and weighs 10,235 pounds. In 1673, 24 bells were cast by Franz de la Paix, of Mons. Another 10 bells were added in 1761 to increase the musical possibilities of the carillon, and came from the bellfounders Chevresson, Simon, and Duforest. In 1821, 6 more bells were installed by Drouot, Hubert, and Bastien, and the 7 smallest bells by van Aerschodt of Louvain in 1894.

A large mechanical drum, dating from 1761, and provided with 10,000 holes in which to insert the necessary number of pins for the different tunes, plays for the hour, half-hour, quarters, and even a dainty musical flurry of a few notes for the half-quarters.

Mr. Fernand Redoute, the city carillonneur for a number of years, has become one of the best-known carillonneurs throughout Belgium and Holland, not only for his artistic series of summer recitals but also as guest artist in many other places.

Very few other carillons serve a nobler purpose than this one in singing to these sturdy-looking miners an encouraging message before they descend to their dreary task of dark dangers and dark thoughts, and again welcoming them back to their families with a song of joy, like a ray of sunshine and in complete harmony with the jolly babbling of their happy children, waiting on the doorsteps.

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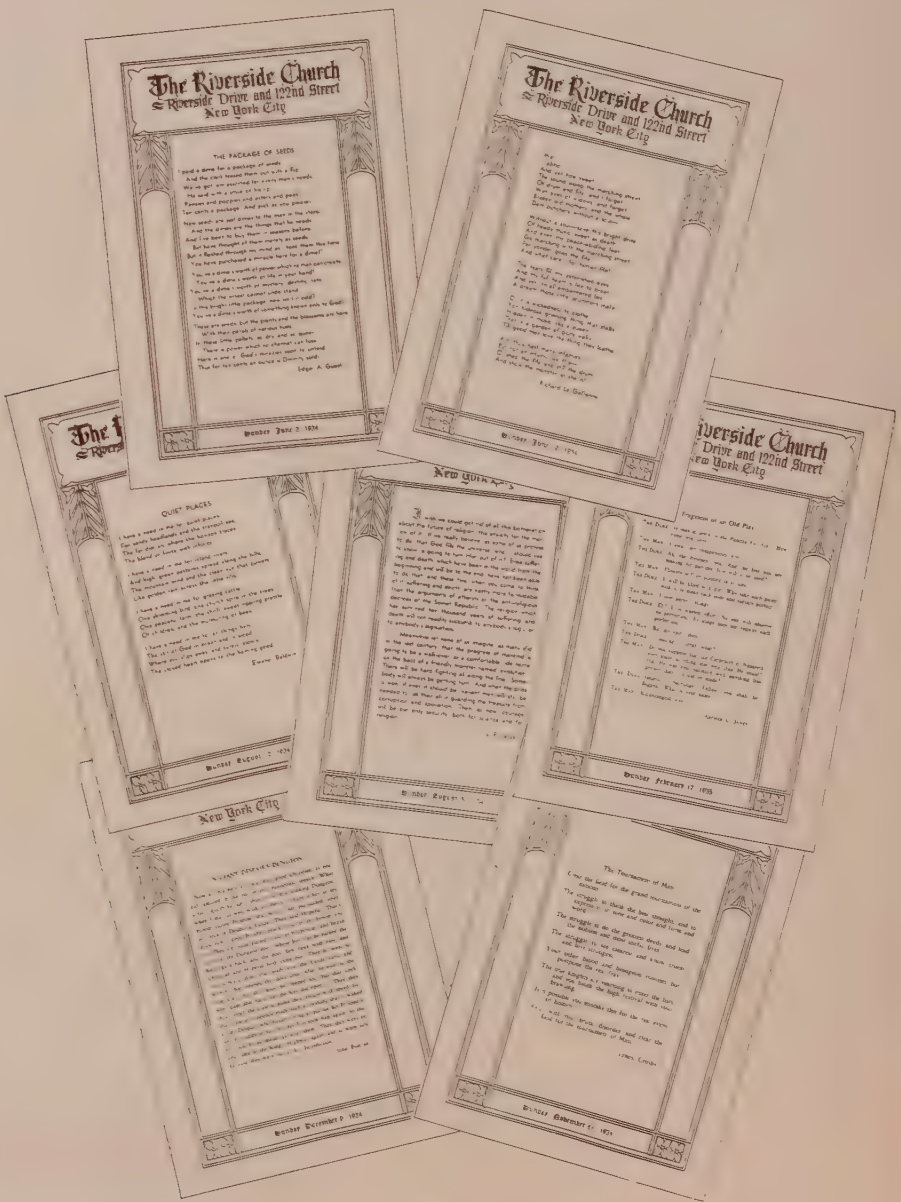
Reprints From First Page of Weekly Church Calendar



Activities in the Church Building During the Summer

With the Sunday afternoon service and the Church School classes omitted, the Wednesday evening lectures discontinued, and what organization activities there are confined to Monday and Thursday evenings, one might think that little was going on in our building during these hot months. But let us take a look "behind the scenes."

There is still the regular preparation of the building necessary for the Sunday morning service and the adult classes. For a description of this and other details of the inside management, refer to the article on "Behind the Scenes" which appeared in THE CHURCH MONTHLY of December, 1933. It is a time for the maintenance staff to have a general housecleaning and it is a very thorough one. No rug or curtain or floor is overlooked. When the active work resumes in October, the building is in as perfect condition as a building can be.

The increased number of visitors from out of town during the Summer School sessions keeps the sight-seeing service active and makes it necessary to provide for amplification for the Sunday morning service. This year these visitors, many of whom are Summer School students, have naturally been disappointed not to hear Dr. Fosdick, who, until this summer, has come back to the city to preach to a congregation largely made up of these students. But they have been rewarded in the ministry of Dr. Frederick W. Norwood, of City Temple, London, who stepped in to take care of us during that period while Dr. Fosdick is recuperating from his illness.

On the Monday and Thursday evenings referred to above, the Riverside Guild, the Business and Professional Women's Club, and the Men's Class have made the building about as busy a place as during the winter. It is a rendezvous for those who are not vacationing, and as comfortable a spot as one could hope for on a hot summer's night. In addition, we have been hosts to a large group from Teachers' College for several Thursday evenings.

So much for the general activities. Let's look at the staff. In spite of needed and much-deserved vacations, a goodly proportion of the staff is always on hand to carry on. Up to the middle of August Mr. Hellstrom has been here to take care of ministerial and pastoral matters. A minister's assistant and the social service department have been ready to help those in need. The office staff have welcomed this quieter period to catch up on details for which there is little time in the winter. All office people know how that goes—files to be transferred, lists to be checked, systems to be established for the coming year. In a church of this size it is a task in itself to go over the membership roll and see that it is in perfect shape and that each member is properly listed in every respect. In the Business Office it is an opportunity to look ahead and provide for seating arrangements for the members for the Sunday morning services. There are of course always items

to be carried along as usual, as, for example, the preparation of the weekly church calendar and THE CHURCH MONTHLY, and the correspondence that is constant, though reduced, during the summer. The Church School office can handle the details connected with advance registration of pupils for the Fall. They also direct the adult classes that are held Sunday mornings at 9.30 o'clock during the Summer School sessions.

This particular summer sees some building being done in the form of a playground south of the church, an explanation of which was given in the July number.

When our carillonneur returned from his vacation in Belgium, we resumed our regular carillon recitals again—on Saturday afternoons at 5:00 o'clock and Sunday afternoons at 3:00 o'clock, as well as the playing of hymns on the carillon before and after the morning service on Sunday.

Twice the staff has been able to play together—a thing practically unheard of or thought about during the busy months of the active church year. So, we took some time off one day and went by boat to Bear Mountain, forty-seven of us. Part of the fun at that annual outing is the baseball game between the engineering staff and the maintenance staff. The second event was an innovation this year—a steak roast at Tibbetts Brook Park at the close of a working day. Also, in the way of play, one could occasionally see two or three of the staff using the bowling alleys after office hours.

All in all it is a very acceptable and necessary period for looking backward, picking up loose ends, taking stock of the year's work, and for looking ahead to the coming year and doing what is possible in the way of preparation to relieve congestion at rush times.

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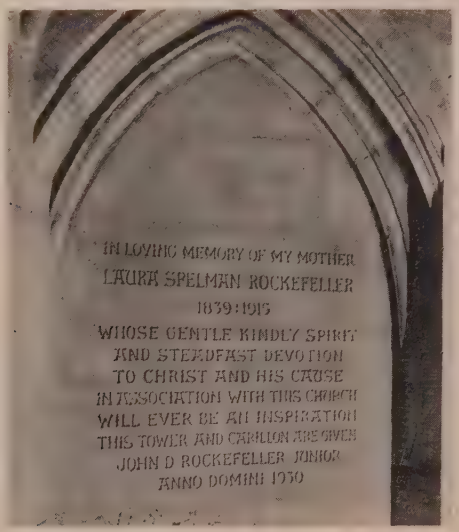
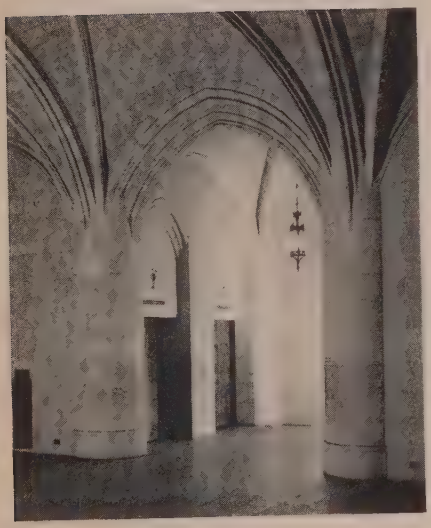
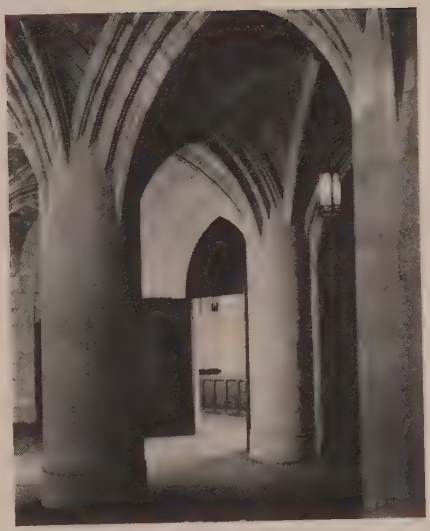

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MY MOTHER
LAURA SPELMAN ROCKEFELLER
1839:1915
WHOSE GENTLE KINDLY SPIRIT
AND STEADFAST DEVOTION
TO CHRIST AND HIS CAUSE
IN ASSOCIATION WITH THIS CHURCH
WILL EVER BE AN INSPIRATION
THIS TOWER AND CARILLON ARE GIVEN
JOHN D ROCKEFELLER JUNIOR
ANNO DOMINI 1930

MEMORIAL TABLET



ELEVATOR LOBBY



ENTRANCE TO THE NAVE—CENTER DOOR

EAST STAIRWAY TO FIRST BALCONY AND CLOISTER ROOF

ENTRANCE TO CHRIST CHAPEL

The Latchstring

The Frontispiece. In the January, 1935, number of THE CHURCH MONTHLY we published the picture of Savonarola as the frontispiece. This was because he appears as one of the six great preachers whose figures stand in the south wall above the second balcony in the Nave. He also appears in the "Reformers' Window" in the second bay on the west wall, and in the Chancel Screen in the third panel which represents "Prophets." The other preachers appearing with Savonarola are: St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, Hugh Latimer, John Wesley, and Phillips Brooks. This month we are using for the frontispiece the picture of John Wesley who likewise appears in the "Reformers' Window" and in the Chancel Screen in the fifth panel, the "Reformers." Later we plan to publish the pictures of others of these preachers for whom pictures may be available, as well as other characters appearing in wood or stone in the iconography of the building.

▽

Here are some facts about the 1935-36 budget that you will be interested to have. On June 30, 1934, we had received definite pledges from 1409 members of the church and congregation. On June 30, 1935, we had heard from 1561, or an increase of 152 over last year. We are encouraged by this showing. In addition, there are some who are contributing week by week but who have not let us know what their total gift for the year will amount to. Pledges continue to come in a few at a time so that we expect shortly to hear from a good many more in the congregation. Let this paragraph serve as a reminder to you in case your pledge is not in our hands. The Business Office at the church is open all summer to handle pledges and receive payments on subscriptions.

We are glad to report that in amount the total subscriptions for 1935-36 compare favorably with last year and the year before. We wish it might be even better, however, because some departments of our work are being held back from legitimate and necessary expansion and others are finding it difficult to stay within the limits of the budget. "We could do more if we had more" is a familiar cry of all organizations depending upon voluntary giving and the church is no exception. We move along only as fast as we can be assured of the required financial support.

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Visitors to the seventeenth floor of the church constantly remark on the fine view there is from the windows looking north. In the foreground are Grant's Tomb and International House, and in the distance George Washington Bridge, Medical Center, and of course the Hudson and the Palisades. Frequently the visitor, after a casual glance around the circle, will find his attention focused on Claremont Park, located between International House and The Riverside Church. This lovely patch of green with formal walks and interesting landscaping makes a splendid picture from the tower windows. It is a sort of airplane view that one sees so often in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday paper. And best of all,

unless one looks in the heat of the day, one sees many people enjoying this retreat.

One Sunday evening after Columbia Summer School started, I sat on one of the benches and became part of the crowd. At the north end, which faces International House, were many students. There was a Japanese Group, a Chinese Group, a Latin-American Group and a heterogeneous group on the steps. They were enjoying lively conversations with each other, or walking about the park. As twilight came on, those on the steps sang the old songs.

On the two big greens were thirty-five or forty children, all under seven years of age, playing various games. There were several youngsters practicing tumbling; others were wrestling with each other; a few were playing a ring game. There were no children spectators. They were all doing something, if it were only chasing someone from grass plot to grass plot. Occasionally a small dog or two would come out to frolic with the children.

On the benches around the lawn and on the outside paths were hundreds of adults reading, talking, or just sitting. The people seemed friendly and interested in each other. Despite the number of people in the park, the atmosphere was quiet and restful. One was conscious of the traffic noise from the motor cars rushing by on the drive, but not annoyed by it. As I sat there and saw this great crowd, I wondered if a park this size was not serving more people proportionately than the larger parks that people often have to go great distances to find. It is truly a neighborhood park that is fulfilling its purpose.

G. J. H.

CLAREMONT PARK

THE CHARITY BOX

It is surprising how often a member of the church or congregation remarks, "I never noticed that Charity Box before. What is it used for?" The box is located in the south wall of the Narthex near the stairway leading to the first gallery. It is a strong box in the sense that it is set in stone. Petty pilfering, therefore, is almost out of the question.

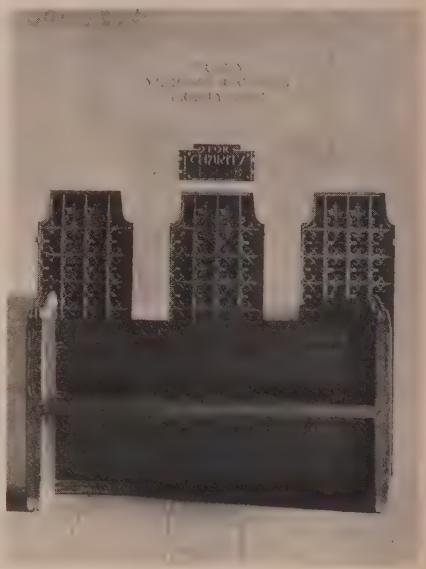
The box is used a great deal by the visitors to the church who often want to show their appreciation of the guide and information service by giving a gratuity. Since gratuities are not accepted by our staff, the Charity Box is usually the gainer.

Hardly a Sunday goes by but someone comes to the ushers with some money that has been picked up off the floors or found in the pews. The Charity Box is always the gainer from these sources.

We know of some people who use this box as an expression of their appreciation for some good thing that has happened to them. On one occasion we found one man celebrating such an occasion by placing in the slot a twenty-dollar bill.

There are other things besides coins and bills which find their way into the Charity Box, put there by people who are fond of a little joke. But the box is a steady challenge to the generosity of those who pass it, and we think that an increasing number of people will make use of it.

During these recent years when there has been so much unemployment, these donations have played an acceptable part in helping the needy and distressed of the parish. The words carved in stone above the box, "Freely ye have received, freely give," are therefore a constant reminder to those who pass to share what they have with others who may be in great need.



THE CHARITY BOX

▽

LABOR DAY

Jesus thou divine companion,
By thy lowly human birth,
Thou hast come to join the workers,
Burden bearers of the earth.

They who tread the path of labor
Follow where thy feet have trod.
They who work without complaining
Do the holy will of God.

Jesus thou divine companion,
Help us all to work our best.
Bless us in our daily labor,
Lead us to our Sabbath rest.

—Henry Van Dyke

SERMON

(*Continued from page 191*)

mind, of great faiths about life's meaning and of inward communion with his God in the secret place.

I plead for the absolute necessity of such Christian faith and devotional practise if we are going to keep our souls. Of course, if we do not want souls, so be it! But if we do—go home today and read again James Russell Lowell's poem "The Cathedral." To be able when one will to step into the presence of great faiths, great worships, high imaginations of life's meaning, until life becomes continental and the rains fall upon the mountains—what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and, neglecting *that,* lose his soul?

PRAYER

Eternal God, our Father, we who are not bodies but spirits crave Thy pardon that we have forgotten this. Make us to be spirit indeed indwelt by the Spirit of the Eternal. Amen.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on February 3, 1935.

PRAYER

(*Continued from page 192*)

hypocrisy, guile, and cruel craft. Flow Thou through us, we pray Thee, with Thine indignation, and give us power.

We beseech Thee for all in special need. For the sick, for those that have lately laid away their dead and whose hearts are sorrowful, for those who are strong and tempted to be proud, for those who are prosperous and dangerously lifted up, for little children, and for the aged whose face is turned toward the sunset and the hope of another morning, for all soldiers of the common good in difficult places of the world, for missionaries trying to shed Thy light where it is dark, for faithful ministers of Thine who in many a humble place preach Thy Gospel, for all who struggle against evil, for all who hope for the dawn of Thy Kingdom upon earth, we pray. Bind us with a living tether into a great companionship, lovers of the truth, and lovers of the light.

We ask it in the name of Christ. Amen.

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Report of the Employment Service of

The Riverside Church and the Charity Organization Society, June, 1935

	June	Prev. Total	GRAND TOTAL, 1935
Placements	117	693	810
Permanent Jobs	57		
Full time	47		
Part time	10		
Temporary Jobs	60		
Full time	34		
Part time	26		
Number of Individuals Placed	90		
New Applicants Registered	113	665	778
Total Number of Applicants	373		

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"INTEREST GROUPS"

Throughout the country there has been an increasing movement toward adult educational activities in the way of arts and crafts, recreation, and other "hobby" interests. The Riverside Church has fallen in line with this movement in many directions. Within the organizations of the church, such as the Men's Class, the Business and Professional Women's Club, and The Riverside Guild, there are what they themselves term "Interest Groups." They have developed as there has been call for them within the organizations themselves and not set up by a committee at the top without definite knowledge of the desire for them. In this church they have taken the form in the Men's Class of a Readers' Club, a Public Speaking Class, and a Discussion Group; in the Business and Professional Women's Club of a Book Group, and a World Affairs Group ;in The Riverside Guild of Dramatics, Discussion Groups on various topics on Sunday evenings, and a Camera Club. All of these have in common the Arts and Crafts Classes and recreational groups for bowling, table tennis, and gymnasium work.

It is the Camera Club of The Riverside Guild that we mention particularly here because we have practical evidence of its work in this number of THE CHURCH MONTHLY. Pictures in this issue taken by members of the Camera Club are the ones of Claremont Park, the Charity Box, the Elevator Lobby, the Memorial Tablet, and the Entrance to Christ Chapel. It is more than likely that more pictures of their producing will appear in later issues from time to time. The church has co-operated with them in furnishing a dark room on the Assembly Hall floor where they may do their developing and printing.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SERVICE

OF

The Church Monthly

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The Publication Committee offers to the readers of THE CHURCH MONTHLY the opportunity to purchase any of Dr. Fosdick's books or sermons that have been printed in pamphlet form. Lists will gladly be furnished on request.

The following sermons are the latest additions to the pamphlet series:

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